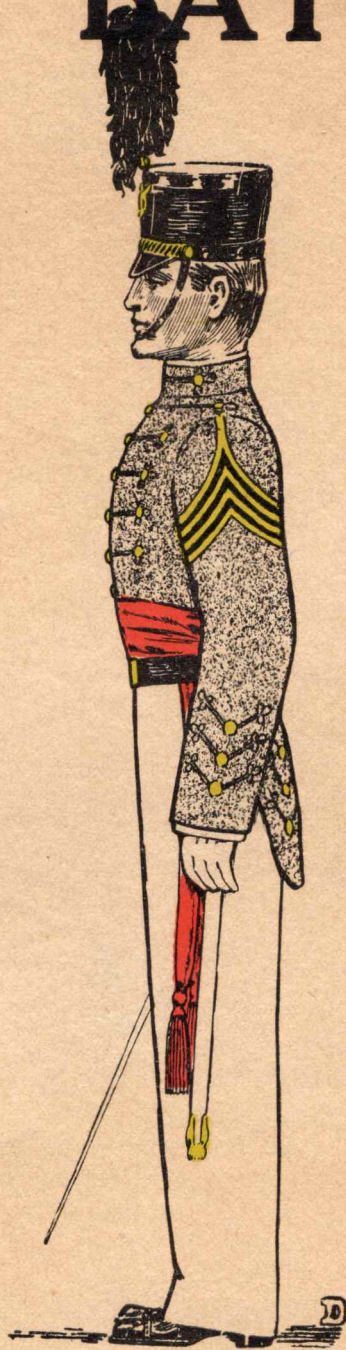


HAROLD O. SMITH JR.

# THE RAYONET



NOVEMBER, 1917

HAROLD O. SMITH JR.



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# THE BAYONET

Vol. XIV FORT DEFIANCE, VA., NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CADETS OF THE AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

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## Editorials

### The Honor System



TO YOU, the new cadets of Augusta Military Academy, we address this editorial on The Honor System, which we adopted from the Virginia Military Institute some years back and since then it has been one of the chief factors of this school. Let me also add, that many other institutes and academies are practicing this system with success, which goes to prove that it is not without its merits and is deserving of the praise of those schools that practice it.



The word "honor," itself, has a large meaning. It implies high mindedness and a sense of allegiance to one's standards and also a sense of what is right, just and true. It makes up and consists of a large part of every man's character and is essential of every man who expects to succeed and be respected in life, and high esteem is due and is paid to those who have acquired it. The word system, which is added to it, means an assemblage of our honor for the good of us and our school and also the method or plan in which we carry it out.

Here every cadet's word is taken as the truth; every cadet's honor remains unquestioned until he proves by his own words and actions that he has no honor nor is he capable of telling the truth.

The Honor System of this school, as it is practiced by our cadets, helps in many ways to mould our character in the right way for the future. It makes us men of our own words, trusted and respected by all with whom we come in contact. There cannot be too many men of this kind in the world today, for they are not as numerous as they might be had they been brought up to obey and respect the word honor. If the majority of men had learned and obeyed this word there never would have been as much corruptness in the business and social world as there is today.

So do not let this system fall behind, but push it ever forward and in building up this system you will also set your honor upon such a firm foundation that it will ever go with you through life.

And we are looking forward to you, the new cadets, to uphold the standards of those of preceeding years in helping

us to carry on in the future this Honor System as it has been carried on in the past.

Let me add in closing, that THE BAYONET Staff will welcome all work of any kind, such as stories, poems and jokes, and invites all cadets to hand in any work which they may see fit to do.

WM. H. EGGBORN, JR.

September 19, 1917.

Col. T. J. Roller,  
Maj. C. S. Roller,  
Ft. Defiance, Va.

Gentlemen:

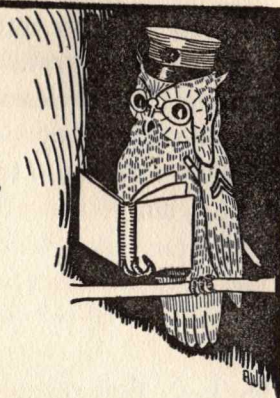
I am sure that you are aware of my love for the old School of my boyhood days, I desire in a small way to give some expression of my friendship for the School. I desire to give a medal to be awarded to that student who makes the greatest advancement in History, I have always been partial to History, believing it to be as helpful to the human race as any other study possibly can be, therefore, I am asking that if it meets with your approval that I be permitted to give this medal. It is my intention to give this medal annually. I am enclosing to you my check for Ten Dollars.

Wishing you a most successful Session at A. M. A., I am,

Most sincerely yours,  
J. A. ALEXANDER.



# Literary Department



## The Scorpion Feather

*In Two Parts*

PART ONE

By G. M. HANCOCK

**J**AMES TRAVERS was young; that is, he was young in years, but in the experiences of a spend-thrift and exceedingly wild young man there were very few things that he had not tried during his frivolous life, so he suddenly became bored with his idle and profitless daily routine of spending as much of his father's good money as possible.

A new thing had recently come into his life—something that made him take a different view of things around him and, in fact, of the world; and that wonderful new thing was—Love.

Well was he accustomed to the nightly flings with young ladies of doubtful character and with other young "champagne soaks" who walked in his circle, but since the first

meeting with the object of his ardent love all these things had abruptly ceased, and in their stead came refined opera and suppers, in which the bottle was conspicuous by its absence.

One night, only a few months after the first meeting with this idolized member of the opposite sex, James Travers called as usual, but he had no theatre tickets, as was his want, and it might plainly be seen that he was in no amiable mood.

He sat in the well, but not elegantly, furnished parlors of Frances Lloyd's comfortable home and as he gazed into the fire of gas logs he could not help but wonder if it would ever be his lot in life to settle down in just such a cozy home as this with the object of his devout love as his better half. His meditation, however, was soon cut short by the appearance of the girl he loved.

She opened the conversation with an apology for her tardiness and then sat down on the davenport by his side. Both gazed into the fire for several moments without speaking, as if the one was trying to read the other's thoughts. Suddenly, Travers broke the silence:

"Frances, I love you; will you marry me?" He said this simply but passionately as if it were the only way to avoid some foreseen calamity.

"How am I to know that you really love me?" asked the girl and there came into her face an expression something akin to pity.

"How are you to know it?" echoed Travers, as if such a thing as her innocence of the fact seemed absurd. "Can't you see that I have given up all for you?"

"My father has gotten entirely disgusted with me and I



cannot make him believe that I am settling down. He's a fine old Dad but he's just a little narrow-minded. What chance have I had to prove my worth? Was I not deprived of a mother's care in babyhood? Dad was always too busy to talk to me—thought all his son needed was a pocket full of money and his good name. What can he expect? He raises his son on 'soft corn' and expects him do the 'hero act.' I've been rotten bad I'll admit, but again I ask you, What chance have I had? Why Dad doesn't even want me to select my own wife. He's had her in storage for me, just because she's the daughter of one of his business associates. Yes, everything is business with him. He does not take into consideration that the main essential of a happy union between man and woman is mutual attraction—No, he actually wants his son to marry on a strictly business basis. Why! he swears he'll disinherit me if I marry any but the woman of his choice, and what is his excuse for wanting me to marry her? Ah! in his heart it is business, but he says, we were born mates and equals—as if a man shouldn't know when he meets his mate. Gad! but it makes my blood boil when I think of all that rot! Didn't I tell that woman that I didn't love her? Yes, she's got a temper like a rattlesnake. When I told her where my affections lay that temper certainly showed up! She abused me! Yes, said things to me that no man can ever say—called me a low bred cur, a coward and a yellow slacker! and by G—— just look what she handed me, d—— her!"

During this lengthy speech Travers had worked himself into a pitch of frenzy and the light that glowed in his eyes was not unlike that of an angered maniac. He stopped for a moment, drew a long and labored breath and his teeth set with a click. He tore open his well-filled wallet and drew from it a white feather.

"That's what she handed me! That! A thing, that was used in England to shame men into joining the army! Guess she thought it would be her or the trenches for me."

"Frances, I cannot promise you great riches, only a decent living, but I promise you myself—soul and body and love."

The girl shrank from his angered person with an expression in her eyes that was very much like that sometimes seen in the eyes of a small bird which is charmed by the cruel stare of a coiling snake.

"James," she said, and there was an audible tremor in her voice, while a big tear stole slyly down her cheek.

"I love you, but as it is against the wish of your father I cannot marry you. No, you are all he has left, to love, and I will not take you from him."

Travers stared in bewilderment at this—with such an expression as one witnesses upon the face of a fisherman who nearly lands his scaly prize only to have it escape with a single flip of its tail, back to its beloved waters and freedom.

"And that is final?" he asked, now cool and collected.

"It is," she answered, now not trying to hold back the relief-giving tears.

They were both standing now, and facing each other. Swiftly his arms stole around her waist. She came to him half reluctantly, he kissed her once—twice, and released her saying, "Good-bye little girl. I leave for France at dawn! Called me a slacker—but I'll show her."

"Jim!" The girl had gone into hysterics now but the only response to her beseeching cry was the slamming of the front door.

He was gone.

(To be concluded in the next issue of THE BAYONET)



## For France

By WM. H. EGGBORN

It was on a battle field in France,  
The bullets were flying overhead;  
Filling the air with death and danger  
Above the dying and the dead.

Oh! it was dreadful to see  
The battle field on that day,  
Where many a mother's darling boy  
Among his dying comrades lay.

But the battle swept out and onward  
Leaving the wounded there to die;  
And behind was many a soldier  
Who had said his last goodbye.

Where the bombs were bursting fastest,  
Where the machine-gun bullets sing;  
Where the battle raged the hottest  
Where the dreaded bayonets ring.

There in the thickest of it all  
Fought a boy as well as any,  
Fighting for freedom and for France  
Only a common soldier among many.

As he fought his thoughts ran back  
To the girl he had left behind him;  
And he was fighting now for France  
Because she had declined him.

She had not declined him for another  
But had given him up to fight;  
For France and for freedom  
For Justice and all that's right.

He fought as well as any  
His bayonet was all blood red;  
His shirt was rent with bullets,  
His hat shot off his head.

As a soldier of that army  
He was doing well his part;  
And a smile was upon his lips  
As a bullet found his heart.

And the dying boy's last words were  
"I want you all to see  
How happily I die for France  
And the girl I leave behind me."



## Advice for Every American Soldier

Passages from a Letter Written by Judge E. Rockwood Hoar  
to His Son, Samuel Hoar, Who Had Just  
Started for the Civil War.

[The extracts printed below, from a letter written by an eminent Massachusetts Judge to his soldier son, are now being sent by the United States Government to men newly drafted for the National Army and to volunteers, in the hope that it will serve as an inspiration to them in the struggle against Germany.]

CONCORD, MASS., Dec. 15, 1862.

My dear Boy:

I did not have the opportunity I had hoped to talk with you last evening—and, therefore, take this opportunity, when we are sending you your mittens and the envelopes which you forgot, to give you a few last words of affectionate counsel from home.

One of your first duties as a soldier will be to take all the care you can of your health. The firmer that is, the better you will be able to do any service, or undergo any fatigue, required of you. To preserve your health, you must try to lead as regular and temperate a life as is possible. I hope you will not try to avoid your full share of labor, danger, or exposure, where either is necessary or called for. Take every proper occasion for bathing your whole body—and scrupulously regard your personal cleanliness, no matter how much trouble it may give you. Have nothing to do with spirituous liquors of any kind. Take your food as regularly as you can get it, and neither eat immoderately nor

go a long time without food, if you can avoid it. Especially be careful not to eat to excess after long fasting.

I hope you will never disgrace yourself by any profaneness or obscenity, and will avoid all conversation and companions where they are practiced or allowed.

Try to preserve a cheerful and contented spirit and encourage it in others. Bear hardships without grumbling and always try to do more, rather than less, than your duty. You will have occasion to be patient much oftener than to be brave.

The duty of a soldier is unquestioning obedience—but, beyond this, I hope you will cultivate a kind, respectful, and considerate temper toward your officers.

I hope you are going with a love for your country and your cause, and with a determination to be faithful to every duty you have undertaken. My boy, you bear the name of one who, to the end of his honored life, never shrunk from a duty, however painful, nor from a danger to which duty called him. Be sure that you do no discredit to it! Neither by cowardice, by falsehood, by impurity, by levity, nor by selfishness. Remember always your home and your friends—those who will welcome your return with pride and joy if you shall come back in virtue and honor; who will cherish your memory if, faithful and true, you have given up your life, but to whom your disgrace would cause a pang sharper than death. Remember your obligations to duty and to God. And may these thoughts keep you from temptation and encourage and strengthen you in danger or sickness.

And now, my dear boy, I commend you to God—and to the power of His grace. May God bless and keep you. Think of your Heavenly Father in health and in sickness,



in joy and in sorrow. Go to Him for strength and guidance. You are very dear to our hearts—and your absence leaves a great place vacant in our home. If it be accorded to His will, may you come back to us in safety and honor—but whatever is before us, may His mercy and love be ever with you and His grace be sufficient for you.

With deep affection,

Your Father,

E. R. HOAR.

SAMUEL HOAR, Corporal 48th Regiment, Massachusetts  
Volunteers.

## The Girl Who Turned Me Down

I was once in love with a beautiful girl  
And I thought she cared for me;  
So this girl and I had wonderful times:  
Traveling about, you see.

Yes, this girl and I would travel,  
We traveled East and West.  
Oh what did we care for expenses!  
We always had the best.

And after I went with her for a while  
I had to go away;  
I hated to leave my dear old pal,  
But I was called back to A. M. A.

I arrived at Ft. Defiance  
And started to work like H——,  
I wrote my girl a letter  
And told her things were well.

I waited and looked for an answer  
But this little girl did not write,  
I thought there was something the matter  
So I wrote to her that night.

At last I received a letter  
And you should hear what she did say,  
She told me she loved another man.  
Since I had gone away.



I could not believe my eyes  
 When I read the things she said;  
 I didn't know what to do with myself  
 And I wished that I were dead.

A soldier boy she said he was  
 And he had gone away,  
 She promised to be true to him  
 Forever and a day.

I thought the matter over  
 And I talked to my friend Mack  
 So we decided she'd marry this man  
 As soon as he came back.

There is always a time in every man's life,  
 When a foolish thing he will do.  
 So I have told all my girl friends  
 That I am positively through.

B. MORRISON.

## The Slacker



T WAS about three in the morning when the little game broke up, and the miners came crowding through the narrow door of the little bar-room, putting on their heavy coats or lighting their pipes as they came. At the end of the line came a tall light haired boy, whose face showed that he not profited by the game. Pulling his woolen cap well down over his ears, he made his way through the snow to the gate post where his horse stood, trembling with cold. Once mounted it took but a short time to reach his small log hut, where a large fire greeted him as he entered.

At seven in the morning the little bar-room was again crowded with the ever thirsty miners, who stopped in to drink before going to work. After a "free-for-all," they crowded around the little coal stove and began telling their yarns. The subject soon was changed, and they began asking "who took the empty sack home last night"; and after a brief, but boisterous argument it was decided that the light haired stranger was loser as usual. No small sum had he lost there, and still every night he would return to the tables with a wad in his pocket and ask for more chips.

Strange to say, the boy had been in camp for over three months and no one seemed to know anything about him, except the squint-eyed "chink" who stayed with him and kept his cabin in order. Often had the miners gathered around the yellow skinned heathen and tried to make him tell who the boy was. "Mlisty Tlom," was all they could get out of him, and Tom was the name the miners used when speaking to or about him.



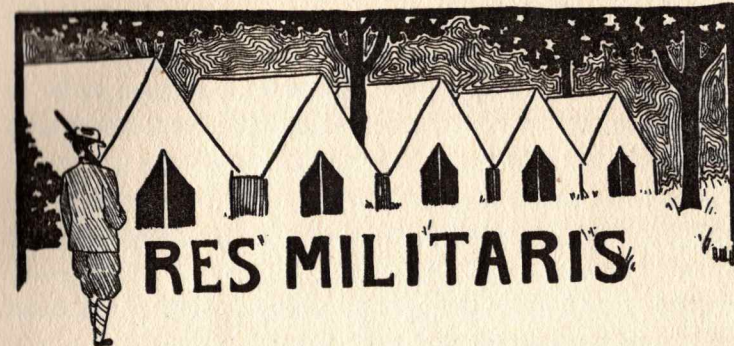
Again, after a hard day's work, the miners gathered around the canvas covered tables and waited for Tom to arrive and open the gate. They waited an hour and he failed to make his appearance, so they sent a bar fly of the worst type after him. The bar fly soon returned and with a look of horror on his face, exclaimed that Tom was dying. At this the miners made a wild rush for the little cabin. No, Tom was not dying when the miners found him! Tom was dead. He had been fatally wounded by the thrust of a hunting knife which now stuck in the floor beside the dead man, with a note on its blade, written by the mysterious stranger. It read as follows:

To Friends:

I am nobody, better known as the slacker. My father sent me here in order to avoid the draft. Woo Sing got the best of me and took everything I had. Do not look for my relations for I never want the people of my country to know.

Oh, God! Would that I had gone to the front with my friends and died like a man for my flag. But the streak in my back got the best of me. I was afraid, I was yellow, my last words are "Old Glory Forever."

J. C. M.



WITH the opening of the session of 1917, we find that our enrollment has greatly increased. In fact, we were able to form four good-size companies and a band. This greatly improves the looks of the battalion, which we hope to make better than the battalions of previous years.

Under the supervision of the tactical officers, Capts. Jacobs, Fraser, Carter, and McDowell, and of the cadet officers, the companies have made wonderful progress. The new cadets were taught the fundamentals. Then, the guns and bayonets were issued. While the new cadets were being drilled in "The Manual of Arms," the old cadets, under Capt. Fraser, were having bayonet drill. This bayonet drill is that which has been adopted by our allies, the French and British, as a result of their experience in the fighting in France and is the same that is being taught at all officer's training camps such as; Ft Myer.

In regard to our band: We have splendid prospects. Many members of last year's band are back, and there are a number of new cadets who have musical talents. The band was organized as soon as possible. The interest taken was



such that on the third night after the opening of school, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" at retreat.

As a whole, every part of the battalion seems to be in good working order. All the cadets have been showing an admirable spirit in their drills which has been a great help to the cadet and tactical officers. And so, with such favorable prospects, we look forward to a successful year in the military line.

The following is the special order appointing the cadet officers of the Battalion of 1917-1918:

Headquarters Corps of Cadets,  
Special Order, No. 5.

The following appointments are made in the Corps of Cadets and must be obeyed and respected accordingly:

To be captains:—A Co., Balthis; B Co., Diuguid; C Co., Hogshead; D Co., Davis, C.; Band, Caperton, E.

To be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant:—Eggborn.

To be 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster:—Eakle.

To be Sergt. Major:—Worley.

To be Assistant to the Quartermaster, and to the Sergt. Major with the rank of 2nd. Sergt.:—Berliner.

To be Quartermaster Sergts. with the rank of 6th Sergt: Oppleman, Christian, E., and Lewis.

To be 1st Lieuts.:—A Co., Holderness, G.; B Co., Scott; C Co., McWhorter; D Co., Parker, S.; Band, Hancock.

To be 2nd Lieuts.:—A Co., Anderson, R.; B Co., Carter, Y.; C Co., Doniphan; D Co., Ashley; Band, Montgomery.

To be 1st Sergts.:—A Co., Wangenstein; B Co., Davis, H.; C Co., Simmerman; D Co., Lindsey; Band, Taylor, F.

To be 2nd Sergts.:—A Co., Froelick; B Co., Bowers; C Co., Lafollete; D Co., Stainback; Band, Fudge, J.

To be 3rd Sergts.:—A Co., Conrad, J.; B Co., Justice; C Co., Durant; D Co., Winfree.

To be 4th Sergts.:—A Co., Hudgins; B Co., Deal; C Co., Strong; D Co., Mell; Band, Hance.

To be 5th Sergts.:—A Co., Arguello; B Co., Farrar; C Co., Davis, L.; D Co., Brown; Band, Birchett.

To be 1st Corporals:—A Co., Christian, W.; B Co., Holderness, H.; C Co., Hawkins; D Co., Russell; Band, Cousins

To be 2nd Corporals:—A Co., Runnels; B Co., Hooper; C Co., Spady; D Co., Blackstock; Band, Revercomb.

To be 3rd Corporals:—A Co., Bonsal; B Co., Otey; C Co., Pack, P.; D Co., Johnson.

To be 4th Corporals:—A Co., Armstrong; B Co., Pancake; C Co., Weaver; D Co., Sproul.

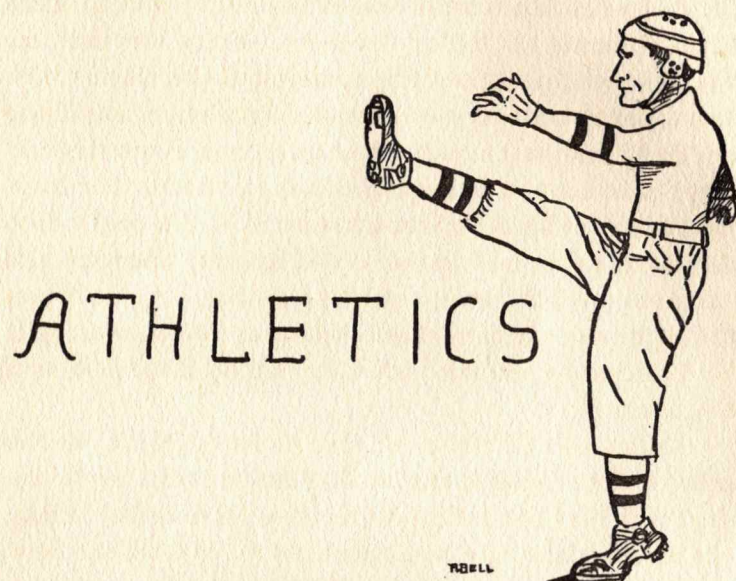
To be 5th Corporals:—A Co., Reed; B Co., Bloxton, L.; C Co., Ragsdale; D Co., Evans.

Cadet Clark, S., is put in charge of all school ordnance, with rank of Captain. Cadet Clark will be excused from ranks and will act as general Cadet Monitor, with special work assigned to him by the Commandant.

2nd:—All officers through the 1st Sergts. will come on as Officer-of-the-Day.

By order of Major Roller, C. C. C.





WITH the opening of school, football was started. Everybody was looking forward to the many practices on the gridiron and wondering who would make the team for the coming season.

Being represented by ten of our old faithfuls of last year's team; Balthis, Davis, C., Diuguid, Hogshead, McWhorter, Christian, E., Lewis, Oppleman, Scott, N., and Mell, and with plenty of new material from the freshmen, which will be developed by the able coaching of Major Roller, we expect a good team for the coming season. The most promising of the new cadets are: Nolte, Burge, Yates and Weathersby.

On the clay bowl at Fort Defiance, on October 10th, A.

M. A. opened her football season of 1917 with a game against Shenadoah Valley Academy. From the time the whistle blew that started the game, until the whistle blew that ended it, our team never stopped fighting. Fast playing and head work on the part of our team, won us our first victory. Each time that the ball was in our hands, our back-field carried it up the gridiron toward S. V. A's goal. S. V. A. played at her best in the second quarter, when she held our team for four downs on the 3-yard line. A. M. A. was not to be denied that other touchdown; for as soon as S. V. A. kicked to her, she rushed the ball back the field for a touchdown.

Balthis and Christian, E., starred for A. M. A., Balthis making three touchdowns while Christian, E., made one. Each man that day had the old time "A. M. A. drive" in him; which made him fight and fight until the last whistle blew, ending the game by a score of 25-0 in our favor.

On the 13th of October, A. M. A. played its second game of the season, with the Freshman team of the University of Virginia, the latter winning, only after a hard struggle, by the score of 12-0.

The game in detail:

First quarter: A. M. A. received the kick off but lost the ball on a fumble, before they had a chance to carry it any distance. Virginia took the ball and after many downs made a touchdown, but failed to kick goal.

Augusta again received the kick off and made several good gains, but failed to score. Oppleman and Yates were the best gainers for A. M. A.

The second quarter started with the ball in Augusta's hands, but they failed on downs and were forced to kick.



Virginia brought the ball to the 2-yard line, but were held for four consecutive downs and the ball went over to Augusta. Unable to make any gain, A. M. A. kicked and Virginia brought the ball to the five-yard line just as the first half ended.

The second half opened with the ball in Virginia's hands, on our five-yard line, and again they made a touchdown, but failed to kick goal. Augusta received the kick off, but was forced to kick. Then Virginia took the ball and after three downs kicked to A. M. A.

The fourth quarter started with the ball in A. M. A.'s possession on the 25-yard line, but after many unsuccessful attempts, were forced to kick. Then Virginia carried the ball down the field for a gain of twenty yards, but lost the ball on a forward pass. A. M. A. then carried the ball back down the field, but failed to score before the close of the game.

#### LINE UP

##### A. M. A.

##### U. of Va. Freshmen

Lewis .....	L. E.....	H. Gamble
Davis .....	L. G.....	Zuhling
Oppleman .....	L. G.....	Mahood
Hogshead .....	C.....	McKelvay
Scott, N. ....	R. G.....	Powe
Hudgins .....	R. T.....	E. Gamble
Diuguid .....	R. E.....	Rinehart
(Capt.) Balthis .....	Quarter.....	Kingle
McWhorter .....	F. B.....	Baker
Yates .....	R. H.....	Clark
Christian, E. ....	L. H.....	(Capt.) Dunn


#### Sustitutions:

Brown for Christian, E.  
 Burge for Oppleman.  
 Oppleman for Hogshead.  
 Mell for Lewis.  
 Harwood for Davis, C.  
 Walker for Harwood.  
 Hunt for E. Gamble.  
 Pettit for Powe.  
 Bankhart for Kingle.



## Social Events

CARTER, Y.; PARKER, S.

INCE the opening of school the 18th of September there has been a great whirl at the social end of the Academy. The following were elected to be the officers of the German Club: Hogshead, Pres; McWorter, Vice-Pres.; Duiguid, Sec. and Treas.

The following were appointed by the officers to compose a decoration committee: Balthis, Davis, C., Clark, Eakle, Christian, W., Christian, E., Lewis, Parker, S., Winfree, Doniphan, Scott, N., and Toney.

Two dances have already been enjoyed by the cadets, both being "informals." The opening hop was given Saturday night, September 29th, the fair sex being mostly from Staunton and Stuart Hall. As usual, the Cadets outnumbered the girls; which naturally caused a great deal of contention as to who had the next dance. However, every one enjoyed the evening immensely. Two weeks later, (Oct. 13th.) was a big week-end for the Cadets. A big game was staged in the Clay Bowl between the Blue and White and the University of Virginia Freshmen and that night—Sh-Sh-Sh!—another night of the "tripping of the light fantastic." Several of the Virginia team lingered in order that they might participate. About 9:30 a car drives up and stops at the entrance of the Memorial Hall, adding to the happy throng a number of alumni who are in attendance at Washington and Lee University. The hall was very beautifully decorated with the Red, White and Blue and many pennants of various institutions.

Those dancing to the melodious strains furnished by the Beverly Orchestra, of Staunton, were as follows:

Miss Elsie Morris with Captain Carter; Miss Frances Witz with Cadet Balthis; Miss Ellen Howison with Cadet Christian, E.; Miss Evelyn Hoge with Cadet Parker, S.; Miss Mary Morris Hoge with Cadet Runnels; Miss Page Hughes with Cadet Stephenson; Miss Mary Preston Hanger with Cadet Worley; Miss Ann Willson with Cadet Davis, C.; Miss Jean Sprinkel with Cadet Lilly, B.; Miss Frances Quarles with Cadet Spohn; Miss Mary Braxton with Cadet Wagenstein; Miss Catherine Holt with Cadet Hogshead; Miss Mary Stuart Robinson with Cadet Talley; Miss Nellie Meade with Cadet Eakle; Miss Virginia Moseley with Cadet Anderson, R.; Miss Dorothy Ford with Cadet Tinsley; Miss Evelyn Lambeth with Cadet Arguello; Miss Ellen Robinson with Cadet Temple; Miss Mary Jim Strother with Cadet Winfree; Miss Madaline Pace with Cadet Goode; Miss Ann Bosworth with Cadet Christian, W.; Miss Margaret Fulwiler with Cadet Yates; Miss Evelyn Ewing with Cadet Doniphan; Miss Emily Moseley with Cadet Armstrong; Miss Katherine Bear with Cadet Brichett; Miss Henrietta Bingham with Cadet Durant; Stags: Captains, Sandidge, McDowell and McClure. Cadets: Reed, Davis, H.; Holderness, G.; Shackelford, Scott, N., Eggborn, Carter, Y., Russell, Hudgins, Gibson, J., Farrar, Kaminski, Engeman, Atwood, Shawver, Revercomb, Hammond, Bailey, L., Dunlop, Langhorn, H., Houston, Johnson, Upshur, Payne, Warner, Walker, Caperton, E., Barrett, Earhart, Mell, Deal, Burrows, Clark, J., Bowles, Weaver, Bridgeforth, Worden, Duerson, McWhorter, Crowly, Henderson, Duiguid, Davis, L., Gywn, Spindle, Oppleman, Segar, Cannon, Morgan, Robinson, W., Cunningham, Bloxton, L., Brown, Bridger, Hooper and Dotson.





A. A. SPROUL, Editor

Owing to the early publication of THE BAYONET, only two exchanges have been received.

*Meteor*, V. E. S., Lynchburg, Va. Your literary department could be improved. The editorials are very good.

*Oracle*, Woodberry Forest, Woodberry Forest, Va. The *Oracle* is a good all around paper but all the departments should be increased in size. Especially the athletic department.

The following exchanges have been made in previous years and to these and all others we extend a most cordial invitation. All criticisms are welcome.

*Bookstrap*, C. H. S., Charleston, W. Va.

*Monthly Chronicle*, Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.

*Oracle*, Woodberry Forest, Woodberry Forest, Va.

*Critic*, L. H. S., Lynchburg, Va.

*Missle*, P. H. S., Petersburg, Va.

*The Spectator*, D. H. S., Duluth, Minn.

*The Record*, S. H. S., Staunton, Va.

*The Cadet*, V. M. I., Lexington, Va.

*The Tat*, H. H. S., Harrisonburg, Va.

*Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, M. B. S., Staunton, Va.

*The Focus*, S. N. E., Farmville, Va.

*College Topics*, University of Va., Charlottesville, Va.

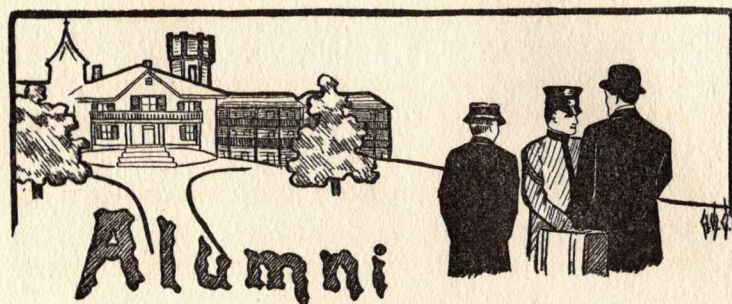
*The Bayonet*, Miami Military Institute.

*The Student*, Portsmouth High School.

*Westward Ho*, Western High School.

*Stampede*, H. H. S., Harve, Montana.





The following Alumni are at V. M. I.: W. D. Caswell, '17; G. T. Alt, '17; S. A. Hawkins, '16; L. Jennings, '16; J. C. Leech, '16; J. Estes, '17; H. P. Finley, '16; J. C. McFall, '16; F. Loth, '16; K. Ford, '16; A. B. Carter, '17; B. Hancock, '16.

Mr. Austin Caperton, '17 is attending Lehigh University.

Mr. Wallace Hogshead and Mr. Ernest Shumake are in Uncle Sam's army, each hoping to "get" the Kaiser.

Mr. Thomas Cochran, '17, is a commissioned officer in the U. S. A., and we hear from a reliable source that he has recently become a Benedict.

Mr. Roswell Robins, the "Big Boy" of the football team of '15, is at work in Staunton.

Mr. Foster Saunders, '16, is at his home in Richmond.

"Kinney" Close, '16, is a Sophomore at William and Mary College.

The following Alumni are pleasantly situated at the University of Virginia: Alfred Percy, '17; F. S. Bankhardt, '17; "Roach" Roberson, '16; E. H. Harwood, '17; Alfred Nalle, '17; "Buddy" James, '14; "Skinks" Charlton, '14.

Mr. "Buck" Rawlings, '16, is at home in Staunton.

Mr. Phil Brooks is at V. P. I.

Messrs. Norman, '17; L. Fils, '16; Jarman, '16; Wells, '16, and Silverstein, '15; Armstrong, '16, are attending W. and L.

Mr. Ward Dick, '17, is attending a business college at his home.

Mr. L. T. Moss, '16, is now "doing" his bit as a farmer.

Messrs. Frank and Ashby Burdett, of '14 and '13, are working at their home in Charleston, W. Va.

Mr. Percy Ruffner, '15, is in the U. S. Navy.

Messrs. "Peck" Davis, '16, and Joe Sanders, '16, are attending the University of West Virginia.

Mr. Frank Rockwell Morris, '17, is working at his home in Jodie, W. Va.

Mr. Harold Hayes, of '17, is in the U. S. Navy.

Mr. B. P. Thornhill is making wagons in his father's factory at Lynchburg, Va.

C. V. WINFREE,  
G. M. HANCOCK.





The following were visitors at A. M. A. this month:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Huffman, Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Runnels and party, Mrs. Holt, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Brown and party, Mr. and Mrs. Segal, Mr. and Mrs. Leigal, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad, Miss Heydenreich and party, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Miss Virginia Moseley, Mr. Fay and party, Mr. Parker, Mr. A. A. Lilly, Miss Elsie Morris, Miss Margaret Fulwiler, Miss Lucile Feamster, Mrs. Nextdorph and party, Mr. W. B. Anderson, Miss E. M. Bryan, Mr. Pemberton, Sidney Rawlings, William Fleming, Mr. Moses Boerasky.





Capt. Sandidge—"Coffman, what is ostracism?"

Coffman—"One of the Greek God's, captain."

Donlon—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"

Island—"That's nothing; I laughed when I first saw you."

We often wonder what would happen—

If Cannon would go off on furlough.

If Shott had a gun.

If Ivy was poisoned.

If Black and White had a mix-up.

If Fitz had spasms.

If Payne got hurt.

If Pack and Deal played cards.

If Christain was a heathen.

If Taylor could sew.

If Lilly would bloom.

If Hance read ghost stories.

If Coffman had a cold.

If Hook went fishing.

We take great pleasure in announcing that our football stars, R. L. Balthis and Thurmond McWhorter, have tied for the amateur knitting championship of the school.

### Speaking of Hot Ones—

Capt. Buhrman—"Pluto was the king of Hades."

Isadore—"Captain, is that where we get 'Pluto Water?'"

Speaking of the Liberty Loan, Guy Linn says: "If we don't come across the Kaiser will."

Hancock returning to his room about eleven o'clock in the dark and stumbling over a chair—

Montgomery—"Now what are you growling about?"

Hancock—"I am growling to drown the barking of my shins."

### A Toast

Here's to dear old Augusta,

Long may her colors wave;

I'm only a "rat"

But I take off my hat

To her football team so brave.

And here's to our dear friend Maj. Roller,

And his military school so grand;

Let's all give a cheer

And be back next year,

To the finest school in the land.

By A. RAT.

Won't someone please tell us—

Why Caperton doesn't hear from Lizzie?

Why P. A. is 11c per?

Why Ireland joined the Band?

Why Houston "fainted" at Rev?

How much Penny is worth?

How Poison is "Ivey?"

How much Black would weigh if his name was Brown?

Why the Staunton dentists are so popular?

Who brought back the "West as it used to be?"

Whose number is 49?

Why we have heat at 90° in the shade?

Why we don't have it at 10° below?

Where Colonel got his fish?



Where the B. & O. hides its trains?  
 What happened to Scott's cap at the fair?  
 Why Lewis went broke?  
 Why Runnels is "on grounds?"  
 Why Parker S. rode on the ferris wheel?  
 Why Eakle disappeared in the crowd at the fair?  
 What would Summerman do without an umbrella on O.

D?

Why Yates said, "There goes another 30 cents?"  
 What Corporal Russell did *with his sergeant's* chevrons?  
 What "Piggie" did with his "*Recall?*"

## A Friend

Here's to the dearest of all my friends,  
 To the friend who, no matter how of-  
 ten I may put him out,  
 Still surrounds me with the odor of his  
 friendship;  
 To the friend who is regarded with sus-  
 picion by my very dog,  
 And often upsets the female members  
 of my acquaintance;  
 To the friend whom all my joys and hopes  
 are confined,  
 To the companion of my idle hours;  
 The friend who never tells me of my faults,  
 Never wants to borrow money—  
 My oldest and strongest pipe.

A RAT.

## The Faculty

To catch the rats with the Cuckoo screams.

There is a man in this school,  
 A man of world-wide fame;  
 Who throws the "Rats" through the keyholes,  
 But I fear to tell his name!

Another one among us—  
 Who at baseball is a shark,  
 May be found when he is on O. C.—  
 "Detecting" in the dark!

Now let me think, and scratch my head,  
 And look around once more,  
 Oh! there is one with a clarinet,  
 Standing in the door!

Another, still, a fisherman,  
 Who has Ike Walton beat,  
 The smallest fish he ever caught,  
 Measured fifty feet!

A good one, who for the ladies would die,  
 The small one with a youthful eye;  
 Who, to all the dances goes;  
 But the keydets stay right on his toes.

One who never goes to bed,  
 Whose name sounds just like ham and bread;  
 A member of the "Lamda Pi,"  
 Who seems to have invented the Cuckoo's cry.



Another one just came to us,  
 He climbed by himself right off the bus;  
 He tells us that he has some schemes  
 To catch the "Rats" with the Cuckoo screams.

One who is a farmer bold,  
 Has lately joined our little fold,  
 And at both ends of his trundle-bed  
 He has two pictures of a lady's head.

Oh! who is that with the coal-black beard?  
 The one with the voice that's so low geared,  
 The one whose goat Isadore's got,  
 And lets it bleat at every shot.

Aha! just look at this one here  
 With the brogue of a Spanish mountaineer,  
 Who says that he came from Sugar Groove,  
 We're very glad that he had to move.

Now the captain with the ringing name,  
 A West Virginian of great fame,  
 Who teaches Jargafy and 'Rithmetic  
 And rules it in with a hickory stick.

Now here's hoping that you'll take this poem  
 As good-natured men have always done;  
 Now dear Faculty, don't get "tight,"  
 And I won't be so fresh the next time I write.

## Who Made the Kaiser

Some people were made to be soldiers,  
 But the Irish were made to be "cops,"  
 Sauerkraut was made for the Germans,  
 And spaghetti was made for the "wops."

Fish were made to drink water,  
 And bums were made to drink booze,  
 Banks were made for money,  
 And money was made for the Jews.

Everything was made for something,  
 Most everything but a miser,  
 God made Wilson President,  
 But who in H—— made the Kaiser? ? ?

WHY—



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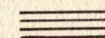
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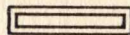
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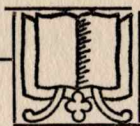
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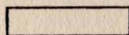
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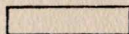




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